

Rich Mullins, Everyman

"Well he was out on a limb he was sitting in the shade
He'd led a hundred men and lived alone among the graves
He had a thousand questions and a million heartaches
He was everyman he was everyman

She was caught in a sin she knew the well was so deep
She threw her last pennies in and poured oil upon His feet
She touched the garment's hem she had only been asleep
She was everyman she was everyman

And the Lord looks down and He understands
The world draws up it's lines
But at the foot of the cross there's room for everyone
And love that is not blind
It can look at who we are and still see beyond
The differences we find
But with thorns in His brow and a spear in His side
Nails in His hand He died for you and I
For you and I and everyman

He had nets to mend he gave his fish and his loaves
He had to wash his hands and ran away without his robe
He couldn't understand until on Damascus road
He was everyman he was everyman

She brought the world a lamb and took warning from a dream
From an empty tomb she ran for her children she would weep
In her womb a baby danced she'd been waiting for a King
She was everyman she was everyman

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